Hello i hate all of you beside my cousins and brother,

If you are one of my cousins or my brother
D.N.R
(DO.NOT.READ)

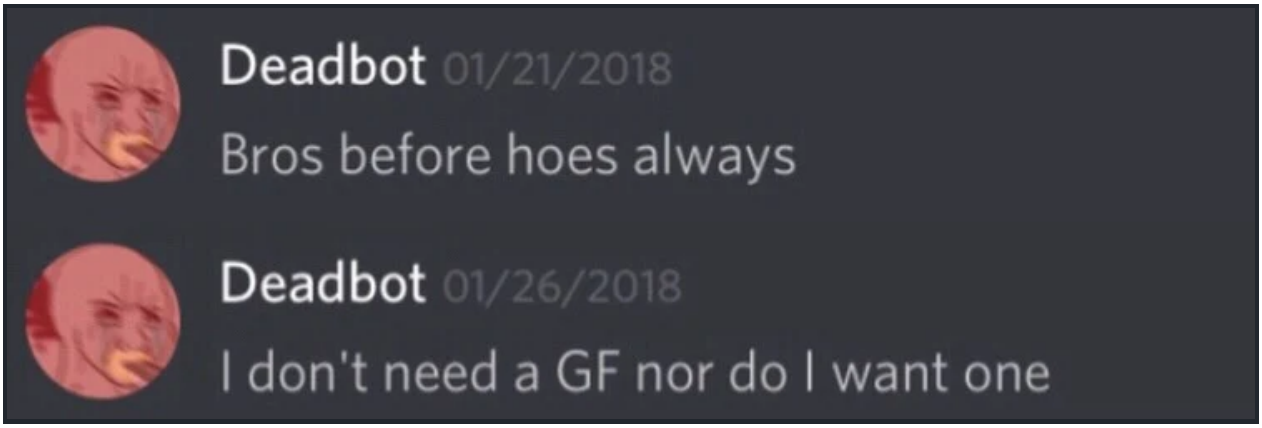
I fucking hate you
Of all you, every human on this fucking earth
There is not a single OUNCE of love i have for every human
I TRIED to get help but all you did was shove my hand away
“Oh that hurts? K then don't do that” is pretty much what yall said
I SHOULD HAVE KILLED ALL OF YOU GUYS WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE
BUT INSTEAD I TOOK MY OWN LIFE YOU SHOULD BE THANKING ME THAT YOU ARE ALIVE RIGHT NOW
I WAS RAPED AND BEATEN SO MUCH AS A KID AND NO ONE TRIED TO HELP ME

DEAR REAL FATHER
IF YOUR READING THIS RIGHT NOW
I HOPE THAT YOU ARE IN THE DEEPEST LAYER OF HELL RIGHT NOW

DEAR REAL MOTHER
TWO WORDS. FUCK.YOU

"Dear diary." This is it. I have ended my miserable life. I couldn't take this shit any more. Being trapped in a wheelchair for the rest of my damn life is just not worth it. The surgeons told me that everything would be ok, they gave me hope, only to crush it under the soles of their feet and watch me destroy myself. They lied to me! They didn't know what it felt like! I thought I could handle my emotions, control them, contain them, prove them all wrong, but I was just too weak. I let it slip through my fingers, out of my grip. It poisoned me, it clouded my mind. They didn't know anything, they only feel the cold touch of their knives! They gave me antidepressants. It helped me think clearly, to see things through. I took a couple of extra pills this afternoon, they showed me what I had to do in this... short moment of clarity. They showed me that there was noone and nothing worth living for. They showed me how fake Sophie and my doctor were, how they were laughing at me behind their masks when I wasn't looking. Laughing at me, my legs, thinking that they are so good, that they are better than me. Pretending that they care about me, it's all bullshit! The pills showed me the truth today, they always did. They opened my eyes, they gave me wisdom, and I acted upon it. So I had to kill Sophie and my doctor..., my... "mentor", my "counsellor". Heh. I had to take them down with me. They're not laughing any more! Oh I wish I could've taken everybody with me, but unfortunately, my situation makes that impossible. To whoever is reading this: I hope my dead body will haunt you forever. Have fun scraping my brains off the wall.

Fuck you.

“I am dead, do not let the kids see my body. Goodbye.”

“Hey guys, I guess that's it!.”